

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY

"Did you ever come in contact with sidewalk comedians?" asked Lucie, the waitress in the small restaurant in the theatrical district, as the newspaper man took a seat at the counter. "Not often," he replied. "I do not," she continued. "There was one in here a while ago and it was mighty hard for me to restrain from smiling at him with a customer. I can't stand cheap jokes when they come in flocks. I like a little of the patient stuff mixed in. Well, this guy smiled at me when I scamper up for his order and says: 'Jim Corbett, the ex-pugilist, is going into a regular play again.' That so?" I says, 'Yes,' he says, 'It ought to be a knock-out.'"

"He looks all around to see if anybody got him and then goes on: 'It's a play with a punch, I presume.' I haven't cracked a smile. I gives him a bland look and says, 'Oh, very well, but what brought you in here—a desire to hand out bum jokes or one to inhale a little food?' 'Primarily,' he says, 'I come in to eat, but I'm in a happy frame of mind. Let me have two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other.'"

"Now, you know that's an old one, kid. We get it about four times a day in this food factory. I retires and brings in the eggs. He's still in the happy frame of mind."

"Say," he says, "ever see Fred Stone do that funny turkey-trot at the Globe?" "I have," I replies superlatively. "He's a great traveler, ain't he?" asks the comedian. "Why traveler?" I queries. "He's a Globe trotter," he says.

"Gee, but I was sore. I hands him a look that would a' froze a normal man's personality. 'Listen, friend, I says, 'I'm here as a food dispenser, not as an audience for monologue try-outs. You let me requiem in peace or your friends will be walking slow behind you an' lyn' about the good points you never possessed in life. You're about as funny to me as a rainy Fourth of July is to the owners of Luna Park.'"

"Aw, you can't take a joke," he says. "Well, you can," I replies. "You can take all them you just sprung—take 'em out of here." "He shut up like a clam. You know them kind, don't you? If I hadn't a stopped him he'd a' been reciting 'The Face on the Barroom Floor' for me in a minute or so. Well, what'll it be to-day as a starter, kid—peaches an' cream, or Rocky Ford cantaloupe from Ohio? There ain't no peaches left."

OLIVER MOROSCO'S PLANS.

Oliver Morosco's first New York production during the new season will probably be Louis Anspacher's comedy-drama, "The Unchained Woman." Equally Stevens, Christine Norman, H. Reeves-Smith, Howard Short, Louis Bannison and Lillian Elliott have been engaged for this play. It is scheduled for presentation here about Oct. 1.

"So Long, Letty," book by Mr. Morosco and Elmer Harris and music by Earl Carroll, with Sidney Grant and Charlotte Greenwood, is due to arrive in New York the latter part of October. "Sadie, Love," a three-act comedy by Avery Hopwood, and "The Song Bird," by the stations, will be seen in New York this fall also. Marjorie Rambeau may have the leading role in "Sadie, Love." Another Hatton comedy, "Upstairs and Down," will be produced by Mr. Morosco early in December. A new play is being sought for Peggy O'Neil. Two companies of "Fog o' My Heart" will be sent on tour. Florence Martin and Dorothy MacKaye will be the Pegs. Mr. Morosco will also send "The Bird of Paradise" over the country.

TO ENLARGE WINTER GARDEN.

The Messrs. Shubert have filed plans with the Building Department calling for several additional stories to the Winter Garden. The balcony will be enlarged and a new seating box in. More fifty and seventy-five cent seats are needed.

GOSSIP.

"Nobody Home" closed Saturday night and gave the players a vacation. Maurice Reines claims he "discovered" Vivienne Segal, the Philadelphia girl who made a hit in "The Blue Paradise."

The Aborns have a musical stock company at the Lyric, Bridgeport. In the cast are Forrest Huff, Eileen Castles, Fritz von Hosing and George Schiele.

Marie Dressler has finished acting for a film called "Tillie's Tomato Romance," written by Acton Davies. It's a six-reel comedy without a policeman, slobber, telephone or revolver in it.

Houdini, the "Handcuff King," wants to join the navy as an aviator. At present, however, he's appearing at the Palace matinee daily; line forms on the left.

An ambitious press agent positively announces that on a certain Wednesday, not long ago, Rose Tapley of the Vitagraph Stock Company darned stockings and made a blueberry cake. But has he the proof?

A NICE BUG FOR MANN.

Louis Mann has a new pet. It's a lady bug, and he keeps it in a glass case in his dressing room at the Booth. Mr. Mann boarded the subway at One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street Saturday and began reading the Plays and Players Department in The Evening World. At Ninety-sixth Street the lady bug

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MARY DOANE'S SUCCESS—No. 7—The First Day at Work

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO "MADE GOOD" ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B. JOHNSTONE

By Betty Vincent

